

she much wanted to know, but the Dodo had paused as if it thought that *somebody* ought to speak, and no one else seemed inclined to say anything.

"Why," said the Dodo, "the best way to explain it is to do it." (And, as you might like to try the thing yourself, some winter-day, I will tell you how the Dodo managed it.)

First it marked out a race-course, in a sort of circle, ("the exact shape doesn't matter," it said,) and then all the party were placed along the course, here and there. There was no "One, two, three, and away!", but they began running when they liked, and left off when they liked, so that it was not easy to know when the race was over. However, when they had been running half an hour or so, and were quite dry again, the Dodo sud-



denly called out "The race is over!", and they all crowded round it, panting, and asking "But who has won?"

This question the Dodo could not answer without a great

deal of thought, and it stood with one finger pressed upon its forehead in which you usually see Shakespeare's features of him), while the rest of the party waited. At last the Dodo said "*Everybody* must have prizes."

"But who is to give the prizes?" said a number of voices asked.

"Why, *she*, of course," said the Dodo, pointing with one finger; and they all at once crowded round her, and asked in a confused way, "Prizes! Prizes!"

Alice had no idea what to do, so she put her hand in her pocket and took out a box of comfits (luckily the box had got into it), and handed them out. There was exactly one a-piece for everybody.

"But she must have a prize too," said the Mouse.

"Of course," the Dodo replied. "What else have you got in your pocket?" on, turning to Alice.

"Only a thimble," said Alice.

"Hand it over here," said the Dodo.

Then they all crowded round Alice while the Dodo solemnly pro-